

ANCIENT BALLADS.

PARNELL FIELD.

26, New Broad Street,
Stratford-on-Avon.

A. J. STANLEY, PRINTER, HIGH STREET, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

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Lawrence Hodgson
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Luton
Beds.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELEANOR.

Lord Thomas, he was a bold forester
And a chaser of our King's deer ;
Fair Eleanor was a fine young woman ;
Lord Thomas, he loved her dear.

“ Come riddle my riddle, dear Mother ! ” he said
“ And riddle us both in one,
Whether I shall marry fair Eleanor
And leave the Brown Girl alone.”

“ The Brown Girl she has houses and lands ;
Fair Eleanor, she has none ;
Therefore I charge you on my blessing
To bring the Brown Girl home.

Lord Thomas he went to fair Eleanor's bower,
and knocked at the ring
And none was ready as fair Eleanor
To let Lord Thomas in.

“What news! what news! Lord Thomas,” she said,

“What news hast brought unto me.”

I am come to bid thee to my wedding

And that is sad news for thee.”

“Oh God forbid! “fair Eleanor said,

“That such a thing should be done;

I thought to have been thy bride myself,

And thou to have been bridegroom.”

“Come riddle my riddle, Dear Mother” she said,

“And riddle it all in one,

Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas’s wedding

Or whether I shall stay at home.”

“There are many that are our friends, daughter,

And many that are our foes,

Therefore I charge thee on my blessing

To Lord Thomas’s wedding don’t go.”

“There are many that are our friends, mother,

If a thousand are our foes;

Betide my life, or betide my death,

To Lord Thomas’s wedding I’ll go.”

She dressed herself in gallant attire,
 Her merry men all in green ;
 And as she rode through every place,
 They took her to be some queen.

And when she came to Lord Thomas's gate,
 She knocked at the ring ;
 And none was so ready as Lord Thomas
 To let fair Eleanor in.

He took her by her lily-white hand,
 And led her across the hall ;
 There were four and twenty gay ladies,
 But she was the flower of all.

“ Is this your bride ; ” Fair Eleanor said,
 “ I think she looks wondrous brown ;
 Thou mightest have had as fine a young woman,
 As ever trod England’s ground,”

“ Despise her not, ” Lord Thomas he said.”
 “ Despise her not, unto me ;
 For better I love your little finger,
 Than all her whole body.”

The Brown Girl had a little pen-knife,
 That was both keen and sharp ;
 Between the short ribs and the long
 She pricked fair Eleanor's heart

“ Oh God forbid ” ! Lord Thomas did say,
 “ Methinks thou looks wondrous wan ;
 Thou usest to have as good a colour,
 As ever the sun shone on.”

Oh art thou blind, Lord Thomas ? ” she said,
 “ Or canst thou not very well see,
 Oh do you not see my own hearts' blood
 Run trickling down my knee ? ”

Oh dig me a grave,” Lord Thomas, he said,
 “ Dig it both long, wide and deep ;
 And put fair Eleanor at my side,
 And the Brown Girl at my feet.”

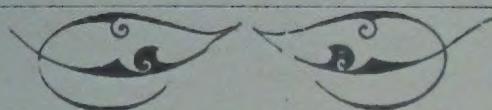
Lord Thomas, he had a sword at his side,
 As he walked across the hall ;
 He cut his bride's head off from her shoulders,
 And flung it against the wall.

He put his sword upon the ground,

With point against his heart.

There never were three lovers, sure,

That sooner did depart.



THE CRUEL GARDENER.

Come all young lovers, to me lend an ear,
Take heed to this sad story given here ;
' Tis of a maiden fair, a shepherdess, we hear,
And little Cupid did her heart ensnare.
She being of beauty's mould,
Most lovely to behold,
And by a lord she courted was, we're told.
She being young, we find,
And love she did not mind,
Yet love did prove her utter overthrow.

Her lover's parents being of high degree,
They said " Dear son, she is no match for thee,
Grant us that which we crave,
And wed with none but whom we shall agree.
Dear son, for you we've chosen out a bride,
She has vast store of gold, and beauty beside,
With a temper mild and free,
She is the girl for thee,
And yet no shepherd's daughter then is she."

“ But if by us you'll not be ruled nor led,
 Then from our presence you'll be banishéd;
 No more we will you own
 To be our only son,
 So let our will be done
 To end the strife.”

“ Madam ! ” said he, “ if a begging I should go,
 I should be well-contented so to do,
 If that I could but have
 The girl that I do crave,
 No cursed gold should part my love and me,
 Were she as poor as Job,
 And I wore the royal robe
 As lord of all the globe,
 She should be mine.”

His mother said in scorn,
 “ Thou art most nobly born,
 And with a beggar's brat
 Thou shalt not join.”

A cruel snare then for her life was laid,
 And for to act this thing she took a spade;
 With the gardener she agreed
 About the horrid deed,
 To murder her forthwith and dig her grave.

She wrote a letter, which she sent with speed,
 Saying, " My dearest dear with haste proceed,
 Meet me this night I pray,
 I have something for to say."
 Poor girl she little thought upon the deed.

Our shepherdess of this she little knew ;
 She went to seek her love as she was wont to do,
 She searched the garden round,
 But no true love she found,
 At length the cruel gardener did appear.

" Madam, said he, how came you here this way,
 O are you come to rob my garden gay ? "
 She said " No thief I am,
 To meet my love I came,
 Who did himself appoint to meet me here."

He said no more, but straight a knife he took,
 And pierced her heart, and gave a savage look,
 There on the ground she fell,
 Saying " my love farewell,"
 O welcome, welcome death ; It was a fatal stroke.

Then all this time, her Lord he nothing knew,
 He went to seek his love as he was used to do ;
 He searched the valleys round,
 But no true love he found,
 The little lambs were wandering to and fro.

‘ O whither ’ said he shall I find my angel bright,
 Who is alone my pleasure and delight,
 Pray if alive she be,
 Let me my true love see,
 Or else my reason soon will take its flight.’

At length the woods and groves all seemed to mourn
 The small birds they did sing a mournful tune,
 ‘ My love ’ said he ’ has gone,
 And left me here alone ;
 Then on a mossy bank, he laid him down.

He had no sooner closed his eyes to rest,
 Than a milk-white dove did hover on his breast,
 Its fluttering wings did beat,
 Which awoke him out of sleep,
 And then the dove she winged her flight away.

Then home to his mother’s garden he did repair,
 Twas there for to bemoan his lovely dear,
 There the dove he did see,
 Sitting in a myrtle tree,
 And most disconsolate she did appear.

It seemed to say “ Your mother’s killed your dear,
 Then from its milk-white breast blood did appear ;
 To the groves he did repair
 But no true love was there
 Then home unto his mother he did go.

‘ Mother,’ said he, ‘ most cruel and severe,
 ‘ I’m afraid you’ve killed my joy and only dear,
 For a dove I do declare
 Did all in blood appear
 And if that she be dead her fate I’ll share.’

The mother hearing what her son did say,
 She turned as pale as death and swooned away ;
 She in distractions run,
 And told what she had done,
 And where the virgin’s body it was laid.

He said no more, but straightway took a knife,
 ‘ Farewell unto the pleasures of this life ; ’
 He to the garden flew
 And pierced his body through,
 Saying ‘ The cursed gold has brought us all this
 strife.’

These two young lovers in one tomb were laid,
 Beneath the lovely myrtles’ cooling shade ;
 The gardener, as we hear,
 Was apprehended there
 And hung in chains for being so severe.

LORD BATEMAN.

Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree ;
He set his foot on board a ship
Some foreign country he would see,

He travelled east, he travelled west,
Until he came into Tur - key
There he was taken and put into prison,
Until his life was quite wear-ie

The Turk he had one only daughter,
The fairest creature that eye could see ;
She stole the keys of her father's prison,
And said Lord Bateman she would set free.

“ O have you houses and have you lands,
And doth Northumberland belong to thee,
What would you give to the young gay lady,
That out of prison would set you free ? ”

“ Oh I have houses, and I have land,
 And half Northumberland belongs to me,
 I'll give it all to the young lady,
 That out of prison will set me free.

“ I'll make a vow, and a solemn vow,
 For seven long years I'll keep it strong,
 If you will wed with no other woman,
 I will not marry another man.”

When seven long years were gone and past,
 And fourteen days well known to she.

She packed up all her gay clothing
 And said Lord Bateman she would go see.

And when she came to Lord Bateman's Castle,
 So boldly then she rang the bell.

‘ Who's there ; Who's there ! ’ said the young gay porter,
 “ Who's there ! who's there ! ” un-to me tell.”

“ I pray is this Lord Bateman's Castle,
 Is His Lordship now within ? ”

“ O yes ” replied the gay porter,
 “ He's just been taking his young bride in ”

“ Go ask him to send me a slice of bread,
 Likewise a bottle of his best wine,
 And not forget the young gay lady,
 Who did release him when close confined.”

Away then went the gay young porter,
 Unto his lordship away went he;
 He said "Here's the fairest of all young ladies,
 Thar ever thy two eyes did see."

"She craved for a piece of bread,
 Likewise a bottle of your best wine,
 And bade you remember the gay young lady,
 Who did release you when close confined."

Lord Bateman then fell in a passion;
 He broke his sword in splinters three,
 Saying, "I'll give all my father's riches
 If that Sophia has crossed the sea."

"And then upspoke the young brides mother,
 Who never was heard to speak so free,
 "Dont you forget my only daughter,
 If that Sophia has crossed the sea."

"I own I made a bride of your daughter,
 She's neither better nor worse for me.
 She came to me on her horse and saddle,
 She may go back in her coach and three."

Then Lord Bateman prepared another wedding
 And all their hearts were filled with glee,
 "I'll go no more to a foreign country
 Now my Sophia has crossed the sea."

WORDS OF SYMPATHY

sent to the parents of Hubert William Parker,
who fell from the Churchyard wall into the River
Avon, and was drowned on the afternoon of
Sunday, September 8th, 1912.

He's called from fields of earth,
To better pastures there,
Swan-like to swim a sweeter sea,
Celestial, bright and fair.

Where happiness alone
The land of love pervades,
Where children see their Father's face,
Midst light that never fades.

11th September, 1912.

Stratford-on-Avon.

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